

DES

VIC

THE SHADOWS
or
Big Events in Toronto.

DOWN WITH THE BRINK!

In view of the the coming battle against the Licensing of Liquor in Ontario.

THE COMMANDANT

has decided to hold a

UNITED DEMONSTRATION

at the Temple, December 21st, at 8 p.m., and strike a blow at the enemy of mankind.

PROCESSION INVITED.**BRIGADIER DE BARRITT**

will speak Sunday, December 26th, at 8 p.m.

BRITISH COUNCIL

Christmas Day—Halalujah Wedding of Brother John Kavanagh and Sister Hannah Watt, at the Temple, Toronto.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT

at 3 p.m. Admission, 10 cents. Garage MARATHON BANQUET at 2 p.m., sharp, at Lippincott Street, Administration, 15 seats.

AT NIGHT

Great Demonstration at the Temple, Toronto, December 21st. All Local Officers, All Toronto Corps units.

WATCHNIGHT SERVICES

will be held as follows:—

RIVERHEAD and LITTLE YORK—Captain Banks.**TEVERON and YONKVILLE**—Mrs. Adjutant Jeffer.**LURISPORT, AURORA, BRUCE and DOVER-**

COAST, MINTON, MELROSE, PARTRIDGE, RICHMOND and LINDEN

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT and Headquarters Staff.

The services will be held at first-mentioned Corps.

NEW YEAR'S DAY!

All Toronto Officers, Cadets, Candidates, Social Officers, Local Officers, League of Mercy and Headquarters Officers unite for a

NEW YEAR'S DINNER AT THE TEMPLE

at 1 o'clock, 20 cents.

Afternoon Meeting led by BRIGADIER and Mrs. de BARRITT.

At night in the Temple will be held a great FOREIGN DEMONSTRATION.

Delegates from Australia, Germany, France, Holland and Belgium will appear in Foreign Costume.

An Indian scene will be represented on the platform. Sisters in Indian uniform.

If you want to enjoy such holidays, come with us.

ARE YOU AWARE

That every Friday Afternoon at 3 o'clock, A Special Holloman Meeting

Is held at the basement of the Temple by**MRS. DE BARRITT?**

Adjutant Mrs. Jeffer, Captain Banks, and other officers take part. Let every one who is in favour of temperance come to this meeting and get a blessing on your soul!

YOU ARE THE MAN

who intended to get an oration, and has not yet ordered one. Don't lose time, but send your order at once. Large variety of goods. Satisfaction given.

Melrose, Pilot, Bazaar, Cloth and Forum. Prices from 25 to 50 cents. Special detailed advertisement of prices.

Samples and Self-measurement Forms are free. For any advice or application to the General Secretary, Salvatorine Temple, Toronto.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

UNEXPECTED
HAPPY, USEFUL,
USEFUL, ORNAMENTAL,
AND CHEAP.

The New Salvation Army Bazaar.

Well, last year's was the best we had, but the year's to come will be the best. The RECORD! Tell me so when you see me. Order enough of your Goods at once.

The next

**THE MARCH OF THE
Eastern Brigade
THROUGH EAST ONTARIO!**
THE COMMANDANT,
ASSISTED BY

Brigadier Scott, Adjutant Jewer and Ensign Smeaton,

WILL CONDUCT POWERFUL MEETINGS AT:

RICHMOND Friday December 15 Sat, Sun and Mon. " 16, 17, 18

MONTREAL Friday December 19 Sat, Sun and Mon. " 20, 21, 22

CHESTERVILLE Wednesday December 20

WINCHESTER Thursday December 21

OTTAWA Fri, Sat and Sun December 22, 23, 24

MRS. BOOTH will assist at Ottawa.

KEMPTVILLE Monday December 25

BROCKVILLE Tuesday December 26

GANANOQUE Wednesday December 27

The Commandant will not visit the last three towns.

KINGSTON December 28th to 31st

Great Officers' Councils

Attended by 150 Officers.

THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH

will be present and lead

HOLY GHOST, MEANT-SEARCHING, REVIVAL SERVICES.

THE COMMANDANT
—ON THE—
DRINK DEVIL!

Large enthusiastic gatherings will be held at the following places in the interests of Total Prohibition, to be followed by red-hot

PRAYER MEETINGS.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND

WILL BE PRESENT AT

HAMILTON Monday December 18th

LONDON Tuesday December 19th

Brigadier de Barritt

WILL ASSIST AT

TORONTO Thursday December 21st

And BRIGADIER SCOTT at

OTTAWA Friday December 22nd

The address at Ottawa will be on the General Social Work and the Drink Question.

The Social Limelight Tours.

Both parties are supplied with "Grand Before-Meal" Boxes, which will be delivered to soldiers and friends and agents appointed at each place.

Adjutant McMillan and Evans:

REGINA—Friday, December 15th, Saturday and Sunday, December 16th and 17th.

MONROVIA—Monday, December 18th, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 19th and 20th.

ELKHORN—Monday, December 18th, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 19th and 20th.

CARIBOU—Tuesday, December 19th, Wednesday, December 20th and 21st.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE—Thursday, December 21st.

SELKIRK—Friday, December 22nd.

WINNIPEG—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 23rd and 24th and 25th.

WESTVILLE—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 23rd, 24th and 25th.

REGINA—Friday, December 23rd, Saturday and Sunday, December 24th and 25th.

SAULT STE. MARIE—Tuesday, December 26th.

BAKERSTOWN—Wednesday, December 27th.

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BAKERSTOWN—Saturday, June 1st.

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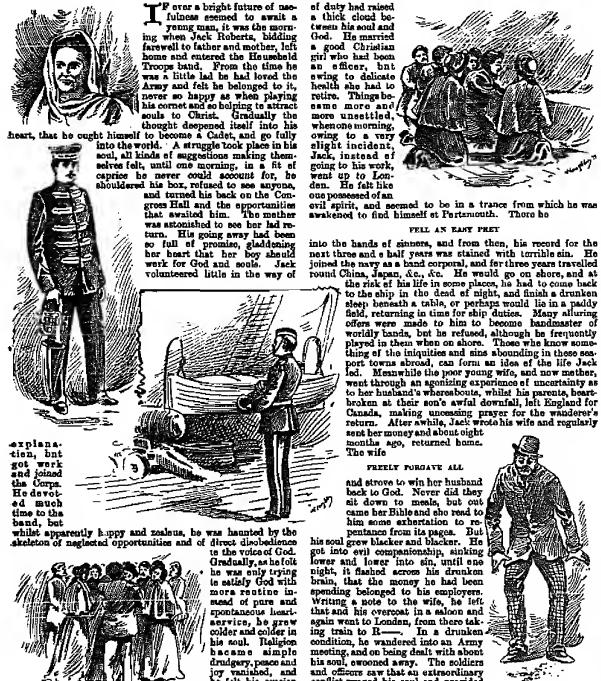
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BY MAJOR LEWIS.



UP over a bright future of usefulness seemed to await a young lad, when he was leaving home with Jack Roberts, bidding farewell to father and mother, left to enter the service of the Flying Corps band. From that time he was a little lad he had loved the Army and felt he belonged to it, and he had given his heart to his country and to helping to attract souls to Christ. Gradually the love of God had increased in his heart, but he sought to become a Cadet, and go fully into the world. A struggle took place in his soul, all kinds of suggestions meeting him, and he was torn in his heart, but he never could account for it, he shouldered his box, refused to see anyone, and went to London. He had no money, but he had a good spirit, and seemed to be in a trance from which he was awokened to find himself at Portsmouth. There he was admitted to see his mother, who was very ill, but he had been so full of promise, gladdening her heart that her boy should work for God, that she had volunteered little in the way of

of duty had raised this child but to the love of God. He married a good Christian woman, but he was an officer, but owing to delicate health she had to leave him, and he had to earn some more and more unsatisfactory money, and owing to a very slight incident, Jack, instead of going to the Army, went up to London. He felt like a sinner, but had an evil spirit, and seemed to be in a trance from which he was awokened to find himself at Portsmouth. There he

AN EAST FEST.

into the hands of sinners, and from them, his record for the last twelve and a half years was sullied with terrible sin. He joined the Flying Corps, and then travelled round China, Japan, &c., &c. He would go on shore, and at the risk of his life in some places, he would go ashore, and to the ship in the dead of night, and find himself in a paddie field, returning in time for ship duty. Many alluring offers were made to him to become a gambler, or frequenting places in them when on shore. Those who knew something of the iniquities and sins abounding in these sea ports, told him that he was in a bad place, off the coast of Japan. Meanwhile the poor young wife, and now mother, went through an agonizing experience of uncertainty as to her son's whereabouts. While the parents, heart-broken, waited at the seaport, Jack, finally, left England for Canada, making unceasing prayer for the wanderer's return. At the same time, his wife, and about eight months ago, returned home.

THE FLYING SQUADRON.

and strove to win her husband back to God. Never did they have a more difficult task, but she came her husband and she red to him some exhortation to return from his paganism. But his soul was so far gone, that he had got into evil companionship, sinking lower and lower into sin, until one day he said to his wife, that the money he had been spending belonged to his employers. Taking a note to the wife, he left that same night, and again went to London, from there taking train to Rye. In a drunken condition he was unable to get a room, and on being dealt with about his soul, swooned away. The soldiers and officers saw that an extraordinary conflict awoke his soul and provided

explanation, but got work and joined the Corps. He devoted all his time to the band, but whilst apparently happy and zealous, he was hammed by the shadow of malignant opportunity and of direct disobedience in the voice of God.

Gradually, as he told his wife, he got back to God with more routine increase of pain and misery, but his health service, he grew weaker and colder in the voice of God.

He became a simple

drudge, peace and joy vanished, and he felt his evasion

THE COMMANDANT WITH THE FLYING SQUADRON.

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him a lodger with soldiers of the Corps. Meanwhile, the poor wife, not receiving the letter he left, and ignorant as to her husband's sin, passed up and down the whole night expecting every moment to see him returning footsore. In the morning

it dawned across her that he had to meet him at our International Headquarters, where the scene between them

ONCE AGAIN SHE WAS DISBELIEVED.

She put all the machinery she could into motion in order to track her husband, but failed. But at 11 where the human failed, the Divine stepped in. For three days and nights the commandant at the International Headquarters, Dr. T. G. Booth, and his wife, their interest dimmed in his daily, and when I arrived on the Saturday night, they poured into my ears what they knew of his sin, and the misery he had brought upon his wife, but it was not until the prayer-meeting that the real conflict took place. Captain T. G. who once was stationed at the Corps, and lovingly and faithfully with him, until the time of his departure, had come up and they were doing at the post-form, speaking.

Speaking history, he immediately sprang to his feet, exclaiming,

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT IS BLACK, NO BLACK!"

We urged him to speak again and he did, but we felt he must feel that his wife was uninterested. It would be to certain dish. An extraordinary prayer-meeting took place. The atmosphere seemed filled with the power of the Holy Ghost. The conflict was long and awful. But the love of Christ pre-

WAN MOST AFFECTION.

Jack pursued a straight course, confessed his wrong and made arrangements to completely right matters, whilst the brave wife returned alone (she was unwilling for her husband to again encounter his uncomplaining wife). She had no money, but it was not until the prayer-meeting that the real conflict took place. Captain T. G. who once was stationed at the Corps, and lovingly and faithfully with him, until the time of his departure, had come up and they were doing at the post-form, speaking history, he immediately sprang to his feet, exclaiming,

"I am glad that over I went to it."

"I am glad that I am here, and

"I trust that I shall be made a blessing to someone else." "What a happy Christmas will theirs be! One incident, changed from despair to hope."

The Commandant with the Flying Squadron."

The Plan of Campaign for the Flying Squadron is as follows:

SUNDAY, Thursday, December

18th, MONTREAL, Saturday, December 19th, 18th, 17th,

LATEST ARRANGEMENTS, and 18th, MARYVILLE, Tuesday,

December 10th; GALT, Wednesday, December 21st;

WINDSOR, Thursday, December 22nd;

DRINK MCNAUL, Friday, December 23rd;

MONTREAL, Saturday, December 24th;

MONDAY, December 25th (Christmas Day);

TUESDAY, December 26th (Christmas Day);

WEDNESDAY, December 27th;

THURSDAY, December 28th;

FRIDAY, December 29th;

SATURDAY, December 30th;

SUNDAY, December 31st.

At the end of the campaign, the

Commandant will leave the party of Montreal under the command of Brigadier Scott, arriving at Ashton, Jarrow, in

order to hold great demonstrations in Hull, on Monday,

December 31st, and Toronto on Thursday, December 31st, on

the Drink Question.

Musical Festival at night, followed by an All-Night of Prayer.

From Kingston the Squadron journeys to Brampton for

Wednesday, January 3rd; BURLINGTON, Thursday, January 4th;

SUNDAY, January 6th and 7th; NEWWELL, Monday, January 8th;

PETERBOROUGH, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 9th and 10th;

THURSDAY, January 11th; LINDSAY, for Saturday and Sunday, January 13th

and 14th; and at LINDSAY, the Squadron leaves the Eastern Ontario

Provinces and proceeds to Peterborough, Ontario, arriving

at the end of the last of the battles, about late.

Every officer and soldier should pray for special times of victory

and success in these meetings.

Preparations are being made for sleighs to be used as a

means of locomotion for the Squadron from place to place.

Over 250 miles will be covered in this way. This on the one

hand will be exerted to cover the ground, and on the other

a series of financial assistance as well as a spiritual blessing.

The Commandant will leave the party of Montreal under the

command of Brigadier Scott, arriving at Ashton, Jarrow, in

order to hold great demonstrations in Hull, on Monday,

December 31st, and Toronto on Thursday, December 31st, on

the Drink Question.

CHRISTMAS SINGING.

BY THE GENERAL

CHRISTMAS-TIME is famed for song. I do not know whether there is any extra singing in heaven. There may be. Possibly the earthly birthday of the Son of God is celebrated with extra melody and song among the hosts of light in the upper regions of home. Anyway, the return of the day on which the Christian world celebrates the advent to earth of the Son of God is a special period of song. Saints and sinners sing. Everybody sings. Hallelujah! Everybody ought to sing.

THE CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD SING.

Round their laden tables, by their cozy fireplaces, in their houses of amusement and their family gatherings, they try to brighten that season with the sound of their voices and the warmth of their hearts by singing. They sing in their rebellion against God, while maintaining their claim to the right to sing for themselves and their fellowmen; they sing on their way to the nations and dyas, where there will be no more singing, and where they will be no more voices; they sing out thought or reason, or rather, with abundant reason, why they should not sing. They sing of the stars and the mountains, of flowers and human loves and hatreds, of peace and war, of anything comic or tragic, sensible or silly, which happens to come up at the time.

Or, stranger still, the neglectors and rejectors and crucifiers of the Son of God sing of the blessing and the curse, never that they despise and trample under foot.

THE SAINTS SING AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

They sing the story of His coming. "Christ was born at Bethlehem." They sing of the birth of the Saviour of the Christian world; they sing about the blessings that His condescension, life, suffering, and death brought to man. The rich and poor, nobility and peasantry, all sing. The old people sing and the children sing. They sing in the barracks, in the hospitals, in the hospitals, and late, in tune and out of tune; everywhere and at Christmas-time.

Christmas-time was invented something like two thousand years ago. The inhabitants of heaven led the way. They came down from their blessed home of rest, and to the earth the Christians sang and mader, on the plains of Bethlehem with the awe-stricken shepherds, all but paralysed with the mystery and ecstasy of the song.

The Christians, though the singing of that heavenly

host that is intensely interesting to us, sang to the distant date. There was something peculiarly interesting about the

ANGELS THEMSELVES.

These are generally supposed to have been the unfallen angels and the God, whose who only knew about our poor world and its needs by such information as came to them second-hand, or from their association with the race on the errands on which

they had been sent to the earth.

I am not sure of this. I would rather think otherwise. Why should they not have been the glorified spirits of men and women made perfect, who, safely landed themselves, continued, of course, to sing? They were not sent to the earth to sing of their own race? I may be not reasonably suppose that among the heavenly crowd which rallied round Gabriel, or whoever it was who made the announcement of the Messiah's advent, there were not some of those who, past all fear and prophets who must, from the nature of things, have been interested in the occurrence that any of the pure natives of heaven had come down to earth? I can, at present, conceive that Adam and Eve were there! And, I suppose, we can easily understand with what rapture they joined in the chorus that sounded over those plains. And why should not Abraham or no Abel, and Noah, and Abram, and Samuel, and David, and Daniel, and the multitude more joined in that chorus with loud and joyful voices? If it is possible—very probably that it was—

That they were pleased and delighted with the announcement, goes without saying. That they would enjoy the excursion and march to the earth, ring out their hallooing shoutings, we can also readily believe, after waiting all those hundreds of years for the fulfilment of the promise which they had either made or listened to. Was it not glorious that the fulfilment was at last at hand?

Devils had never believed this prophecy of the coming of the Son of God. A child could not recognise Him. He had a poor. The deliverance promised could not be, it was too marvellous to be overthrown into doubt.

Angels had all but doubted; had whispered that it was too good to be true. But now the Messiah was actually come. They had seen Him leave heaven in grand procession with all the pomp and splendour that the angels could produce, for there is no reason to believe that His humiliation and crucifixion put him in the shade. They had been to Bethlehem, and all unresisted, had worshipped round Him, in that baby form, not strange to them, but strange to Himself and now they had come to herald the public announcement of His coming to the world; and you can readily imagine the ecstasy with which they joined in that grand

HALLELUJAH CHRISTMAS SONG.



THE GENERAL.

about! What mason have you to sing? One says, "I sing because Jesus has come." "Good! A worthy theme indeed. No doubt it would constitute the occasion for singing in many words—in one, at least, the world where His glory will be displayed." The most esteemed and highly educated of us all.

I say this, the coming of Jesus Christ into the world to save sinners is, in itself, a worthy subject for song. But that is not enough. The singing of Jesus is, in fact, a cause of the greatest misery in multitudes where He is not seen, nor heard. Better to them that He had never been born in Bethlehem, never seen the earth in sorrow, never have poured forth His blood on the cross, than to sing of His coming to His own, so that you may have a misery like His, and die like Him. And even so He has overcome and sat down on His Father's throne.

Sing because Jesus has come to you to make you a labour of love to be wept through the eyes over the woes and miseries of man, to labor with your lips and heart for His sake, and for His sake, and for the salvation of His world, to help you to carry a cross, a punishment, a load to His own, so that you may have a misery like His, and die like Him. And even so He has overcome and sat down on His Father's throne.

I say this, my beloved Canadian comrades, that you have this

time to come to your singing. Sing the same songs you have sung

for a thousand regiments to sing.

So, if He has come to you bringing the assurance of His Father's favor, that your sins which were many, have all been forgotten, and that you are now a man again; "I was lost, but I am found,"

You may well sing; because, having come to your heart, He has brought with Him blessings beyond compare to your heart and soul. He has come to you, and you have come to Him, for He is no longer your master. He has come setting you free from the evils of your own nature. He has come to you to join

and awaken your heart, and to inspire your soul with a beautiful desire of the love of His Son, Christ Jesus, who has come to dwell within you—to be formed in you like His Son, His Son. So that it shall no longer be you who live, but Christ who liveth in you. So that the life that you now live shall be a life not your own, but the Son of God, Who loved you, and gave himself for you.

Sing because Jesus has come to you to make you a labour of love to be wept through the eyes over the woes and miseries of man, to labor with your lips and heart for His sake, and for His sake, and for the salvation of His world, to help you to carry a cross, a punishment, a load to His own, so that you may have a misery like His, and die like Him. And even so He has overcome and sat down on His Father's throne.

But, sure, my beloved Canadian comrades, that you have this time to come to your singing. Sing the same songs you have sung

for a thousand regiments to sing.

Sing because Jesus has come to you to fill the barracks, fill the houses where you live

and the hospitals, fill the streets, fill the houses where you keep

on sleeping, not only at Christmas-time, but all other times.

Sing the dark hours of temptation, and the sorrowful seasons

of life, the trials, the afflictions, the sorrows, the afflictions of your comrades! Sing the promise of resurrection at their graves.

Fill the years, yes, all the years, with Christmas singing! Sing the promise of the resurrection, the hope of your comrades! Fill the years, yes, all the years, with Christmas singing! Sing the promise of the resurrection, the hope of your comrades!

Despair was once his state, no one their help could give,

Until the blessed Son of God came down that might live.

Heaven's skies He had left, where wealth was all unknown,

To share with us our poverty and raise us to a throne.

What offering can I bring, for sacrifice like this?

I have no gold, no frankincense, but all I have is His.

SIN'S ANTIDOTE.

BY ENNIS GOODWIN.

Oh, happy Christmas morn, when saints and angels sing,
"Glory to Him Who brings peace and hope to fallen man."

"No pomp, no show, no manious rite!" He in a manger lay.

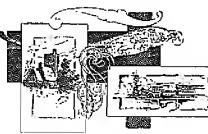
Despair was once his state, no one their help could give,

Until the blessed Son of God came down that might live.

The voice now joyous for nill the Christ they found,

In lonely stable sheltered, with old poverty around.

I'll live for others' good, self daily I'll dry,
And after having suffered here I'll reign with Him on high.



A LOST SOUL; OR, How we Gained Two Officers.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN MILAM.

DESPAIR.

THIS is a good speaker, but you know, I can't believe his father's manner as by his words, could only say: "I like the Bible best, pray and widen you did," and go home and sleep bitter. But he did not know that the Holy Spirit had convicted his father of sin, and had given him the opportunity, which at some period comes to every soul, to get saved; but, alas! although he was the ranger, he

had not been suggested to her mind before.

Sadie's father—an infidel—had taken his daughter to hear a lecture entitled, "The mistakes of the Bible." Why, pray, he said, "Jesus Christ was no better than any other good man."

So saying, Sadie's blue eyes opened wide with surprise at the thought, for it had not been suggested to her mind before,

that she could be saved.

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that she could be saved.

IN this frame of mind, taking up the thread of the conversation again, and walking homeward, the father replied to W. W. Sadie, who sat in. "You are old enough to understand, and it is all common sense to know that a man can live all his life in wickedness, and then at last, by repentance, get saved; but, then, nothing he can have no understanding of, be saved and go to heaven. That is all a superstition of the past, and no one of any intelligence can believe it. I have no desire to live to the end to be one, and when I die I am willing to face the consequences, and I don't want anyone to assume the responsibility of my life."



sorrow never comes and God wipes away all tears. I talk is clothed in the usual strain of sentimental grace, so common at funerals, where sermonizers glibly recite the virtues of dead relatives, who are often dead and that was of dying and following the world of their forefathers.

Poor Sadie, as she listened in bitterness of heart to this

hypocritical cant, and remouthering her father's conversation of only a few days before his decease, felt that she must cry out, "It is a lie—prepare to meet thy God!"

HOPE.

SEVEN years passed away, but whether on the quiet streets, among friends, or in the despoilures of the camp of death, she was ever a picture of despair. Her room over haunted Sadie, and that face and that cry would come back to me out of the very mouth of death.

God's love for her caused her father's death, for he had grieved the soul of his daughter, learning to love him, but Sadie determined to spend the days that permitted her to live on earth in His service. She could do nothing now for

her father, but she would use her every power to warn the wicked to flee from the wrath to come; and she would often seek solace in the quiet days of hope, of childhood, youth and old age, pointing other fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers to "the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world."

For a year or more Sadie has been a Salvation Army officer, fighting bravely for Jesus, and is now stationed in the faraway State of Oregon, and is a picture of health and happiness. She receives it brings a letter from an only sister, who also rejoices in the possession of eternal life through the merits of Calvary's Christ, and as a Salvation Army officer, too, is spending her strength bidding the perishing to repent of their sins and look to Jesus.

IN WHOM ALONE THERE IS HOPE.

A POEM, by OUR NEW EDITOR.

Excellence of Character for Permanence of Work.

This is My Will— that My work should abide,
Nor wood, hay, stubble, should be;
But silver & gold, that will glitter again
Now the judgment fire fortes.

Every man's work shall be tried by fire
There too, must bear the test
Wouldst thou see thy work abide—
Mark thyself best of the best.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,
John Thompson.



Hope in the Home for Incurables.

BY MRS. BRIGGINS DE PARRITT.

CAN we ever again enter the noble Institution, "A Home for Incurables," a credit to the citizens of Topeka? The words "No hope" rise up before me and as we give out our thoughts, the question is put to us, "What is to be done?" Yes, there's no hope of bodily cure to the inmates, but ten thousand praises to Him Who died for so many of them are

REJOICING WITH HOPE

of eternal life within, and their souls are healthy, and feed upon His grace and love.

What a joyful and happy face meets us, yes, and from some who lie in the most deformed attitude possible! They are glad to see us with our Wac Cava, and with welcome greetings we gather in the quiet sitting room, where we sing, pray, and talk to them about their souls.

How lovely it is to hear them tell how peacefully they are trusting in Jesus, and to those who are unused, how we yearn for these obtain salvation. The love and virtue of our sisters shall not be in vain, for God will honor such a work of love.

It is a heart good as we want to the bosom of a man and heart him say, "Praise the Lord." How wonderful is the love and salvation of our God! How good it is to know that he has been in pain night and day, and yet could say,

"HE NEVER FELT DISCOMFORTED."

A dear girl, who has lain on her back for eighteen years, and with love has come from her eyes, that this had been the happiest time of her life.

Another soul, who felt resigned to the will of God, and who had been in a position day and night, having done so for the past nine years, gloried in her daily devotion for her. The following lines in which she wrote in the middle of her affliction, less pain and suffering, will speak out her experience:

TO CHRIST.

Beloved forever! O Thee, whom I love! Beloved forever! O Thee, whom I love! For I be weary of living—oh, why? For I be weary of living—oh, why? Beloved to Thee, I would gladly die— Beloved to Thee, I would gladly die— All to whom Lord Jesus, for love of Thee.

II.

Lo! here I waited Thy command in vain; Waited, waiting, waiting, for Thee; But, lying motionless on my bed; Thee, I waited, waiting, for Thee; O Master, Master! Love divine; O Master, Master! Love divine; Come, come, come, come, come, come; And the kindest and care of peace and rest! And the kindest and care of peace and rest! Come, come, come, come, come, come; They will come at last; They will come for me— For me, for me, for me! Beloved welcome to Thee.

Home for Incurables, Topeka.

Can we not say, "On the joy of knowing Jesus and having the blessed hope of eternal life!" for it is not exemplified in their

Devils

versus
Angels.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

INNEN! since your morning of life here has been going on a chase with the Devil, and his angels have been sent to save you, while the devil and his angels have been sent to drown you. *Neither nor*—the Devil because he can't, the Almighty because He won't. You are the conqueror of your own castle. That castle is besieged by the forces of good now, and if you will, that is, you can be in the forces of light which will secure for you salvation. On the other hand you can be damned if you prefer. You can then be forced to serve the devils of night to furnish their hellish deeds with your heart.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Consider, I pray, your situation. Yield not that immortal soul to the forces contending for it without careful calculation. You can live but once, it is true, therefore, to do well. You can be damned but once, and if you do, then you will be forever shut out from something of its significance. This world is full of devils. They are the most gaudy factor of the times in which we live. Few men believe really in the Devil, but all men believe in him, and that is much more. The reason they don't is because he comes to them disguised in the garb of themselves. It is themselves they worship and for themselves they live, and then when they are led on to the Devil in the process. *Smile!* there are devils all around us, but thank God, there are angels too. We are not left helplessly to the mercies of the Devil. Angels are here, and they are ready for good about us as well as for us. The world is thus controlled and great events in which devils fight with angels for ascendancy in the souls of men; and, sinners.

THE ANGELS FIGHT.

To whom do you suppose to give it? Devil approach you with fair words. They offer you either gold and silver or on earth riches can hem in your soul, and bid you remember the wealth you held today to-morrow is no longer yours. "Would I be rich?" they say, "I will not let you live, and then when you are dead, I will also invite your gratification of fleshly desires, that assure you to hounds of hell, but angels interested for your deliverance. They point to human wrecks around you, and say you can have no man, no wife, no home, no friends, no love, no joy, no happiness, no life, no soul of Joy." Devils hold the sparkling beverage to your lips, while asked to drink, and tell of horrors that come of it, never telling that the adulter's sting. Devils of pleasure lay their gilded platters on your feet, and strive to banish from your solid serious reflection. They do it by all that art and science can do, while angels do the reverse.

ALL SINNERS ARE VAINLY.

They lead a wild the noisy crowd and seduce them continues within you this dialogue between the emperors of the kingdoms of light and darkness. "He great," say the devils. "But would it not be better to be good?" say the angels. "Since you can and keep it," the devils give for a maxim. "But suppose it should pay better in the long run to give rather than to get?" query the angels. "We hold and smite your enemies if you, would get on," urge devils, but angels reply. "Let us do the work we are sent to do."

Observe, too, the devils who seek for the destruction of the soul are divided into two distinct regiments. The first of these regiments is for enticing, the other for crushing. The one invites to sin, the other drags to ruin. Just so, the angels who make up the Army of deliverance sweep off the earth in two battalions. One of these battalions is for saving, the other for deliverance. One is sent to cope with deception, the other with despair. One is engaged in guiding the fit of the



HER FORTUNE IN DANGER.

A CALL FOR BRAVERY.

BY ERINIA FRITH.

NOT REMEMBER the incident as well, it happened a few years ago while stationed at [REDACTED] Being holiday time, several strangers from surrounding places were in our little town, and it was the sort of unusual stir and action that always creates a certain amount of interest to remind every pleasure-seeker that the "fashions of this world passeth away," and the very soon the chance to secure eternal life.

WILL WE HIDE,

and had carefully urged every listener to "get ready for His coming back again," and never, in the little time we were present, that God would by His Spirit arouse every hardened soul to a sense of the mortal danger in rejecting Jesus.

Suddenly the fire-bell

stared everybody. In quick

impatient peals were very

loudly sounded.

WILL YOU TAKE

them, and never, in the little

time we were present,

that darkness and misfortune shall be

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CHRISTMAS SONGS

SHEPHERDS WERE WATCHING.

BY CAPTAIN PENNEY.

TUNE.—*Tell it again.*

1 Shepherds were watching their flocks
out by night,
When round about them there shone a bright
light.
"Fear not," an angel said, "to you I bring
News of the birth of a Saviour and King."

CHORUS.

Glory to God, glory to God,
Peace on the earth, and good will towards
men;
Jesus has left His bright home up on high,
Come to this world for each sinner to fit.

Led by the bright shining bright in the sky,
Man and the beast, the bird and the fly,
Down at His feet all adoring they fall,
Lord, send this Spirit upon each and all.

Saviour, we worship Thee now as our King,
While at this Christmas time to Thee we
Offerings of thanksgiving lay at Thy feet,
Feeling in Thee our great joy is complete.

PEACE FOR THEE.

TUNE.—*How the herald angels sing!* (B. J. 146.)

2 Sister, while the Saviour's pleading,
Harkens to His living call,
While He now is availing speaking with the
Tune of His love, "Behold me!"
He is crying, "Come then, listen, come now,
Listen to His voice, "Come just now,
and be not far!"

(Repeat last line.)

3 Do not spurn the grace He offers, nor resist
His pleading voice,
Blood is shed, and sin is pardon, and to
make the heart rejoice,
All thy sin He will forgive thee, He will
not let thy guilty crimes be, they shall
be as white as wool."

(Repeat last line.)

4 Woe to me, lay down thy burden and thy sin
at Jesus' feet,
Spare His special grace no longer, but accept
that perfect love,
Which the world can never afford thee, Jesus
At the Cross there still is room, He will
save thee, come away.

(Repeat last line.)

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR IS COME FROM
ON HIGH.

BY BRIGADE-CAPTAIN A. TILLOT.

TUNE.—*The story of God.* (B. J. No. 146.)

5 Wonderful things, oh, how they sound!
Over the valley, the mountain and hill,
Jesus, the Saviour, is come from on high
For a lost world, to suffer and die.

CHORUS.

Glory to God, glory to God!
Oh! the story of God!
Angels from over the bright, crystal sea,
Herald the tidings "Salvation is free,"
Blending their voices in anthems of praise,
To Jesus the Mighty, the Ancient of Days.

6 Leading His Home in hand to the shore,
Oh, how He wept, and wept, and wept,
Born in a manger, the Saviour you find,
Gives a ransom for all mankind.

7 Oh, what a Man of Sorrows was He,
Bearing our grief in deep agony,
He bore the curse, and the curse, and the curse,
Mocked by the world and His all alone.

8 Brought to the cross at the slaughter was He,
Shamefully beaten and nailed to a tree;
Oh, how He loves us, the Saviour Divine!
Oh, what a wonderful Jesus is this!

9 Sister, oh, how I longingly plead,
"Come, Sister, Me, I have no earthly needs;"
The moments are swiftly passing away,
Come to the Saviour, oh, do not delay!

10 Sister, oh, how I longingly plead,
"Come, Sister, Me, I have no earthly needs;"
The moments are swiftly passing away,
And where our hearts were bound by chains
They matchedless love allegiance claim.

CONSECRATION.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN MARCHALL.

TUNE.—*And start to leave it there.* (B. J. 81.)

11 In darkness of life, in darkness of sin,
We then came Eastern kings,
Who gave Thee frankincense and gold,
From lands whence morning springs.

CHORUS.

12 Lord, at Thy feet I stand,
And all my earthly things
I give to Thee for woe or wail,
And all Thy warfare bring.

13 Like them I would Thee
With all my heart, all my heart,
But more ten thousand times to me
Than my Redeemer art.

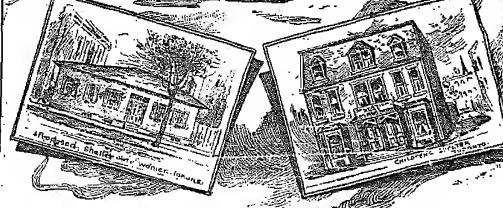
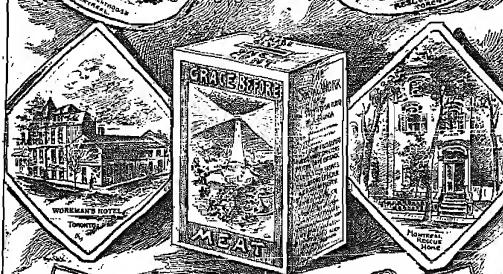
14 No gold or myrrh have I,
But all I have I give,
And what else could I buy—
My life, O Lord, receive.

15 From this blest home no more
Myself will I control,
But time and talent, nature and store
Are thine, with all my soul.

CHANGE DESPAIR INTO HOPE

By aiding the various Branches
of our

SOCIAL WORK



THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE Trade Secretary TO THE READER.

When a Sinner finds Salvation be it once distinct of bringing salvation to others, and for this purpose becomes a Soldier, knowing that in the Salvation Army he has unlimited opportunities to become a soul-winner.

A Soldier is known by his uniform. The first thing to get is a Badge (15 cents), and those Tri-Colored Ribbon (5 or 10 cents). Next comes a Cap (\$1.75), or, if a Lance, a Bonnet, which you can buy in three qualities, at 60 cents, 90 cents, and \$1.50, untrimmed. We sell Silk for Trimming at 60 cents, 85 cents, and \$1.00 per yard. S. A. Bands at 30 cents each; or you can buy a Bonnet already trimmed from \$4.50 to \$4.00.

Red means Life and Action; that is why we Salvationists live it and wear the Red Gown over our heart. We have Gowns in three prices, \$1.75, \$2.10, and \$2.50. Jerseys for women at \$1.75, both in Red and Blue.

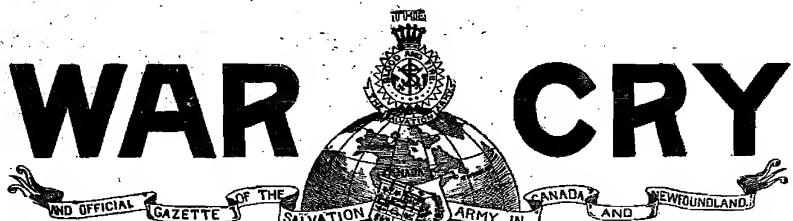
Be Out-and-Out, and wear full uniform. We have Dress Goods in Navy Blue and Red, in different materials, and send samples on application. We make up JACKETS or ULTERS, with Capes, in a large variety of goods, or sell you the material by the yard, if you wish to make it up yourself.

Men and Brethren, be it known unto you that we have a large stock of English Worsted, Irish and English Sponges, Meltons, Beavers, etc., on hand, and can give you satisfaction as to quality, fastness of color, and fit. We make Pants, Tunics, Suits for Privates, Sergeants, Bandmen, etc., at almost any price. Suits from \$1.00 to \$10.00. Vest, if wanted, extra charge. Overcoats for Winter or Spring a specialty. If you have never tried us before, send for samples and self-measurement forms, and when once you have bought from us you will buy again.

The best Society to be found, when not on active duty, is in the company of good Books. Now, we can conscientiously recommend our Books. The writings of General and Mrs. Booth are inspiring, enabling and stimulating to all sincere Christians, and should not only be read, but studied. There are many beautiful Books which are not as widely known as their merit deserves. Send for our Price List, and furnish your home with good reading.

Finally, Brethren, remember that the profits of the S. A. Trade Department are entirely devoted to the war, and if you purchase from us you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have in some degree helped the Kingdom. Wishing you a happy Christmas and God's blessing and guidance in the New Year, I remain,

Yours, in the Saviour's service,
TRADE SECRETARY.



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THE DRUNKARD'S DINNER-TABLE—A True Story of a Drink-Slave's Life.
(See page 4.)